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AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Democracy and Progress.

Some cautious Democrats fear that in adhering to the policy of expansion the Democracy would have to abandon the old party landmarks. They profess to believe that the choice is between imperialism and the Declaration of Independence.

There is no such alternative. The Journal is as much opposed to imperialism as any Small American in Texas, and it does not forget the maxim of the Declaration of Independence, that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Jefferson wrote that Declaration, and he sent a garrison to occupy the French city of New Orleans, bought without consulting its people from a ruler who had never seen it.

Jefferson bought Louisiana from its European owners without asking the consent of its people, but he gave those people liberty; he gave them a government more considerate of their rights than any they had ever known before, and, beginning with unrestricted military rule, he prepared them for the speedy assumption of the management of their own affairs.

If we entered the Philippines as conquerors of the people of the land, imposing upon them an oppressive government by brute force, we should be guilty of a crime which the Journal would oppose as resolutely as it opposed the similar rule of Spain in Cuba. But we are going to the Philippines carrying liberty in our hands, as Jefferson carried it to Louisiana. We assume that the people of the islands have sense and gratitude, and that, having gained their freedom from the intolerable tyranny of Spain by our assistance, they will be willing to co-operate with us in establishing it on a solid basis.

We have assumed obligations to the Philippines and to civilization which we cannot throw off. We have thrown the whole machinery of government in the islands out of gear, and we cannot airily go away as if nothing had happened and let the country take its chances of lapsing into anarchy. Manila is a great civilized city, and there are other important towns scattered throughout the group. We must maintain order there until we are sure that the people are able to do it for themselves.

It is not as if there were one simple race of Filipinos, prepared to assume at once all the responsibilities of sovereignty. The Tagals of Luzon are a different people from the Visayas of Mindanao, and these are not the only nationalities in the archipelago. It was announced not long ago that the Visayas of the southern islands had refused to recognize the authority of Aguinaldo, and had set up a separate government of their own. We have a full fledged Sultan to handle in the Sulus. Manifestly the American referee will be a very necessary functionary in Philippine politics for some time to come.

There is going to be a superb opening for a patriotic, enlightened, Democratic opposition in our colonial policy. The Republicans will commit blunders and crimes enough to earn their speedy expulsion from power. But they cannot be dislodged by a party that represents nothing but blind obstruction. The Democracy must offer a positive programme before the people will intrust it with authority.

Liberty, progress and honest government in our dependencies. No exploitation in the Philippines and Porto Ricans by trusts, syndicates and politicians.

There is an issue upon which the Democracy can win.

SOME POINTS ABOUT COLDS.

Each year in medical text books is a tendency to restrict the influence of taking cold as a cause of disease. This is owing to the steadily increasing belief in the germ theory, and also to the knowledge that many acute attacks are but the result of antecedent disease. Patients insist that they took cold on this day or that, assuming this to be the cause of their ailment, whatever it may be. In point of fact, many disorders imputed to colds are not more frequent in cold seasons and in high latitudes than at other times and elsewhere. There is a mental phase of this subject that is interesting and easily explained. Few persons really take cold who are not self-consciously careful, or fearful of the consequences of exposure. Who ever got a cold from plunging into water to save a life, or escaping scantly clad from a house on fire? Try to find records of such cases. Ordinarily, when the mind is diverted there is no such thing as taking cold. The insane, living in an unreal world and thinking unreal thoughts, do not take cold as others do, and escape many other adverse influences that affect normal persons. They are thinking about other things. The influence of cold falls on the nervous system. The hyper-sensitive take

cold in the mind, so to speak, and manifest it physically.

An over-sensitive organization keeps the nervous system alert for impressions of disaster. And thus a panic is created among the nerve centres, even when a slight condition of cold is conveyed to them. Many of these sensations from which the hyper-sensitive suffer have no external cause.

This brings us back to the nervous system again. How are you living? Too much tobacco, stimulant, overwork, and too little sleep? Nature is no sentimentalist. She demands a strict account and pay for every indiscretion. Do you get enough fresh air in office, workroom, factory? There is a food in it, oxygen, that will do more for nerves than anything under heaven. The daily morning bath helps the skin throw off poisons, and helps to prevent any sudden chilling of the surface. Warm clothes and fresh linen are a necessity. Black is not warm in winter or cool in summer. In cold countries nature protects animals by giving them coats of pure white. Buy medium colored clothes to help avoid colds, since white is impracticable. Gray, drab, medium, inconspicuous blue, mixed goods and soft browns are all warmer than deadly black.

The American habit of overheating houses is another cause of colds, and this overheating is probably due to American nervousness. To avoid colds, keep the nervous system in as normal a condition as environment will permit. Taking thought about this phase of the subject will bring strength, resistance and immunity that is truly surprising.

COURTS AIDING BLACKMAIL.

During the proceedings in the second trial of Moore, the "badger" artist, yesterday, it became evident that the purpose of the defence was to try to break down the character of the complaining witness. The prisoner's counsel undertook to degrade him by questions tending to prove him a man of dissolute habits. While this proceeding is merely impertinent as regards the pending trial, its manifest effect must be to discourage any men who might be inclined to resist blackmail in future. If the courts permit blackmailers to blast the character and destroy the family of a man who refuses to be badgered, few men will face the ordeal.

Any man who has a skeleton in his closet, whether it belongs to himself or to any other member of his family, is vulnerable, and even if he has no skeleton an astute lawyer can create one. Insulting questions about a mother or a sister would be just as effective for purposes of intimidating if they had no foundation as if they were based on fact.

The attorney that lends himself to such a proceeding as this is disgraced, and the court that permits it shares in the shame.

GOOD SOLDIER AND GOOD CITIZEN.

"Colonel Bryan has been a failure as a soldier in the national service, so he has gone back to the field of politics in his own State," says an evening contemporary.

Colonel Bryan entered the volunteer service in good faith. That he did not reach the fighting line in Cuba or Manila was not his fault. Like a good soldier he obeyed the orders of his superiors, which kept him in camp in Florida when his desire was to be detailed for more active work.

That he resigned after the treaty of peace was signed was not to his discredit. Colonel Bryan is not by profession a soldier. He is a true patriot he answered his country's call, at a time when brave men were needed. He steps out of the ranks only when peace is assured, and returns to his home to resume his professional duties.

THE BLOODY CHASM CLOSED.

It did not require the visit of President McKinley to Atlanta to confirm the complete erasure of sectional lines. His reception there was in keeping with the fine patriotic spirit shown by the Southern people during the war with Spain. They very properly repress all partisan feeling in a desire to honor their Chief Magistrate.

An agreeable feature of the President's visit is the presence of General Wheeler as a member of the party. When out of the South can come this admirable old warrior, who fought under the Confederate flag, but found rejuvenation in his love for a reunited country, and when the South can contribute a Hobson, the son of another ex-Confederate, to thrill the world with his bravery, we can well leave the appeals to sectional passions to the small and bitter-hearted politicians, happily growing less in number and influence.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S REVOLT.

That Colonel Roosevelt is growing restive under the demands of Platt is evident. To a certain extent this manifestation of independence is entitled to approval, but until the Governor-elect repudiates entirely the alliance with Platt he must be denied that public commendation which he is striving to earn.

The Boss has some rights in the premises. Roosevelt came to him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and made a virtual surrender, in the eyes of the people. At the close of that interview Mr. Roosevelt was assured of the nomination for Governor, and it will be remembered, in his gratitude, he announced that he would certainly consult Mr. Platt on all party matters in the event of his election.

Platt is naturally interested in the appointments that Governor Roosevelt will make. It is as important that he should control them as it is that he should direct legislation. If Platt is to continue to do business at the old stand, strengthening the machine

and serving the corporations, he must have the tools to answer his purpose.

If the Governor-elect is sincere in his desire to manage his office without interference from the Boss he would be wise to beat his sword into a pruning knife and use it. The only safe way to scotch the Platt snake is to kill it.

THE GREED OF A TRUST.

Down goes the thermometer. Upgoes the price of coal. But why? The Coal Trust will answer that the increased demand limits the supply, and that it is fair to take advantage of this stress of weather and advance prices.

There has been no increase in the wages of the miners that dig this coal. Freight rates remain the same. But it is too good a chance to pile up the profits, and the Trust proceeds to apply the screws.

No matter how small the advance, it is difficult for the poor to meet it. The burden falls on them. It always does. In this bitter weather there are thousands of squalid homes in New York where hungry mothers and children are without fire.

In thousands of other wretched homes the last pennies are spent for fuel. The increase of the price of coal makes their lot harder. They pay the penalty that follows the greed of the Coal Trust.

DECENCY ON THE BALL FIELD.

The meeting of the National League of baseball men in this city will settle some questions that for a time threatened the life of the national game. The Brush rule, which was framed to abolish rowdy ball playing, was observed by a few clubs only. The usual amount of blackguardism was exhibited by the players, who seemed to fear neither fines nor expulsion.

Unless the League magistrates can devise some plan by which foul mouthed and disorderly players will be driven from the national game, they might as well disband their organization. Decent people will not continue to patronize a sport that gives such license and encouragement to hoodlums.

In this connection it is only fair to say that the members of the New York Club have been among the worst offenders. It is too early, however, to condemn the home team. The New York public is willing to forget past offences if there is any assurance that next season will bring clean and capable ball playing.

NO MORE SPANISH STEALING.

The President has called a halt on the Spanish officials that have been furthering a scheme to dispose of valuable franchises in Cuba. The interference came none too soon.

The Spaniards were preparing to sell the right to build and operate the central line of railroad of the island, including eleven branches. The concession was to run ninety-nine years, and included all the land necessary to the building of the line. The government also guaranteed 4 per cent on the capital invested.

As Spain's sovereignty over the island ceases on January 1, the awards were to be made on December 29.

This bold effort to continue the thieving practices which made Weyer a millionaire is in keeping with the entire official record of Spanish control in Cuba.

If there is any more stealing to be done in Cuba it will be gratifying to a sorely plundered people to feel that the Spaniards will have no hand in it.

A SENSIBLE LOT OF WORKERS.

Good common sense attends the convention of the American Federation of Labor at Kansas City. Many representative workmen have gathered there, and they are applying to the questions under discussion a reasonableness most praiseworthy.

Among the minor resolutions was one providing for a secret sign of recognition among members. It was promptly voted down. That was wise.

The American Federation of Labor is not a secret organization. Its acts should be open as the day. In its democracy lies its strength. It appeals to the masses and it prefers to deal with them simply, without any recourse to grips, or the wearing of gawgaws, or the conferring of meaningless titles.

Pensions for Letter Carriers.

Editor of the New York Journal: Will you kindly add one more to the list of your many good deeds, and agitate pensions for the old letter carriers—men who have tramped through wind and weather until bone and muscle are tired and sore? There are a few carriers left who have tramped for fifty years. I am afraid, sir, it will be another fifty years unless the benevolent take up our cause.

The highest pay of a letter carrier is \$1,000 a year. When we take the cost of a Summer and a Winter uniform, six or eight pairs of shoes, twenty or twenty-five dollars a month for house rent, fuel, light and the support of a family of six or seven, there are not many dollars left to be put away for rainy days.

Every country on earth pensions off its faithful employees; but this rich country finds itself too poor to do so.

At the letter carriers' convention they drafted a bill to lay before Congress, asking that 2 per cent be deducted from every letter carrier's pay as a fund to pension off the old men. Even that would not be allowed a hearing. I remain,

AN OLD LETTER CARRIER,
Who has tramped the stones of New York for thirty-five years.

The Rage in Songs.

The world listened raptly while the Blackbird poured out his lay.

"The neglected Thistle sneered.
"These coon-songs make me tired!" exclaimed the Thistle.

Now, of course, the Blackbird couldn't help being black.—Detroit Journal.

STRONG BACKING FOR THE SENATE.



Mr. Depew Doesn't Bother About Enthusiastic Delegations of Citizens. It Isn't Really Necessary. But Do These Gentlemen Think That Sending Their Man to the Senate Is Worth Six Years of the Publicity Which Honest Newspapers Will Be Obligated to Give THEM During HIS Term?

MUST HE RIGHT THEIR WRONGS? ALAN DALE LISTENS TO OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES.

MY Sunday article on the Otero-less, Harrison-less, Gullbert-less condition of "vaudeville" brought me some scorchingly entertaining letters. The relentless exigencies of space, however, prevent their recognition. The following seems to be so redolent of truth that I quote it for what it is worth: "I was very much interested in your 'plaintive' article in Sunday's Journal, and though my humble idea may not amount to a great deal, I cannot refrain from writing to you personally, though my 'remarks' are directed in the main to those 'theatrical lords,' the managers. Have you ever stopped to consider (of course you have) that managers seldom engage an 'attraction' for their place of amusement unless it is 'heralded' or 'backed' by more or less questionable notoriety, or (the same question in another form) do managers ever accept any 'new venture' unless it is 'backed' by some potent influential 'power behind the throne'?"

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they refuse to even investigate any 'attraction,' be it of 'vaudeville turn' or 'comic opera' kind, unless there are strong reasons for so doing. This demeanor on the managers' part bars the progress of 'new faces,' new acts, new operas. I personally know of a good comic opera, based upon a theme never before placed before the American public, which through lack of influence, and the 'unknown quantity' of the composer, is destined (as it now seems) never to see the stage-light, simply because managers refuse to investigate anything that is not backed by some influence. I could state innumerable cases to prove this assertion. There are plenty of good fish in the sea, but managers do not care to catch them. They do the 'waiting act' for something to turn up that smacks of notoriety. Merit is not a factor. Am I right or wrong, Mr. Dale? If right, then it is the duty of critics like yourself to bring your potent pen into play and 'dig' these managers until they wake up from their trance and begin to look around a bit. I shall watch with attention your future criticisms, to see if these lines caused you a moment's thought, or whether my 'remarks' can be applied to theatrical critics as well as theatrical managers."

Want somebody please tell me what to do? Evidently much depends upon my immediate action. I mean well.

A Philadelphian who takes himself wondrous seriously writes—and what is more, gets printed—these sapient words on the subject of the moral status of the stage: "I condemn Teas. Teas is a celebration of lust. I condemn Cyrano. Cyrano is the celebration of a nose. I condemn 'The Wife of Scarr,' 'The Masqueraders,' 'A Lady of Quality,' 'The Liars,' 'The Devil's Disciple'—all plays

so revolutionary in character whose purpose or drift is toward the inculcation of dangerous social heresies. I condemn vaudeville, which plays to the most depraved appetites of our generation. I want to see the youth of America encouraged to nobility by the art of the stage. I want to see their elders fortified in their faith. I do not wish stage pictures. I wish stage sermons, if you will. Let the stage preach. I would banish all evil from the stage. You say the stage needs contrast. A hallucination!"

If this pleasant person would only make us out a list of the things he doesn't condemn, I should think it would make jolly reading. How he must hate this world, which the poor stage tries to mirror! He is the sort of individual who would probably criticize heaven before he had been there half an hour, and complain of his wings and the harp assigned to him. Possibly he would "condemn" the angels. The youth of America, I want to assure him, seem to be getting along very nicely, thanks. Nor are their elders apparently losing any "faith" from their visits to the theatre. How sorry this cozy person must feel for the critic who has to visit the playhouse every week, and yet look clean and decent on Sunday! If he would like my latest photograph to study and see if this perpetual service of the evil theatre has written lines of ignominy, malice, lust and loathsomeness upon my once candid brow, I'll send it to him. Many critics are very young, my Philadelphia friend. They were once artless, ingenuous and bland. Each has had a mother apiece. You speak of the horrible fate of the casual theatre-goer, who visits the playhouse perhaps once a month. What of the poor critic? Wouldst like my photo?

Am I to champion everybody's grievances? Am I a philanthropist? Am I to sit up all night and right things for wrong people? Into my bosom are poured such tales of anguish that I squirm and wriggle, and wish I were noble—and, better still, a millionaire. Listen to this from "a leading woman": "I wish that you would take the stage manager in hand and give him—well, a little of Fighting Bob's language. Make him behave with respect toward actresses who portray life because they love it and desire to show it. He is responsible for the rule of temperance. The backer and the author pay him for doing something, and he creates opportunities for himself by robbing people of all originality. That constant thought, 'Was that what he told me to do?' or the consequent 'Go back,' yelled in angry tones, is what deprives actresses of their spontaneity. That is the cause of so much seriousness. That wicked atmosphere, with its nerve currents

charged with the bully's profanity, has driven women to drugs and men to death. In a recent experience, where we were kept till 3 a. m. rehearsing, one of these 'directors' found it necessary to build up his reputation at the expense of an artist too gentle to answer his thundering tones and too poor to give up his part and walk out of the theatre. The bully knew it and profited by it. Let him earn his salary fairly, and not by such tricks. You can make him think, if you only will. This is the average stage manager, and he is the type best known to me in a very wide experience."

Come, come, stage manager, please think. Let these actresses who portray life because they love it do as they please. Give individuality a chance, I beg of you. (There now! That letter has been attended to. I have done my duty.)

How is Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" going to be dramatized? That is what I am anxious to know. For the life of me, I can't find a dramatic shred in it, though it is a highly enjoyable book to ponder over. In "The Children of the Ghetto" the iconoclastic Israel has simply tried to show us how modern Judaism wanders away from the forms and ceremonies popular with the ancient creed, the fallacy of which he points out. But there doesn't seem to be anything for the theatre in all that. In fact, I should say that the Hebrew cake-walk, which was a feature of Koster & Bial's production of "In Godham" was the very best dramatization of "The Children of the Ghetto" that could possibly be seen."

The young Picaresque Johnny who meets his ancient Jewish father as he steps from a London supper room with a saucy lady on his arm, merely to spurn the poor old gentleman, is perhaps the only incident in the book that has a tinge of theatricalism in it. And what would it amount to staged? Merely a "Me father!" followed by a "Me child!" at which we are all accustomed to laugh. This wholesale dramatization of undramatic books is getting to be a nuisance. "Robert Elsmere," which was as Christian as "The Children of the Ghetto" is Jewish, fared very badly indeed, and Mrs. Ward's book had a "boom" instigated by Gladstone, that the Zangwill volume has never enjoyed. Let the Ghetto rest. That is my advice. It is neither savory nor artistic. Mr. Zangwill's idea of it may be photographic, but there are many photographs that it is just as well not to develop. "The Children of the Ghetto" has neither hero, heroine nor villain. A series of stereotypical views is quite enough to supplement the book, if anything supplementary be needed. And that I doubt.

ALAN DALE.

The Journal's Christmas Number.

[Buffalo Times.]

The New York Journal issued a Christmas number yesterday, which as an achievement in art and in newspaper enterprise combined was worthy of the highest praise. The color printing in the supplement was superb and the reproduction in colors of Tissot's paintings illustrating the life of Christ were themselves works of art. The other pages contained artistic designs and groupings of half tone portraits of celebrities arranged with reference to the Christmas season, which gave the whole number a most attractive appearance.

And They Lived Happily Ever After.

"There is one question I want to ask you, dearest," said the beautiful girl, as she toyed with the diamond ring on her third finger. "When we

are married will you expect me to bake my own bread?"

"You can do as you like about it, darling," he replied, "but I certainly shall insist upon your not baking mine."—Chicago Record.

A Mystery.

Jack—You say Jane cried when you kissed her? Jim—Yes. Jack—That's strange. Jim—Why? Jack—Both her parents are hard of hearing.—Syracuse Herald.

Bargain-Counter Victims.

"I want something nice for a young man," said the pretty miss to the girl behind the counter. "Here's a beautiful scarf pin that's reduced to \$25." "Twenty-five dollars! Do you suppose I want

to buy my brother a \$25 present?" "Oh, it's for your brother. Bargain counter in the basement. Take the elevator."—Detroit Free Press.

In Trouble Again.

"I was a good deal under the weather yesterday," observed Rivers, leaning his head on his hand. "How so?" asked Brooks. "I guessed it was two degrees below zero, and 'It was sixteen above,' answered Rivers.—Chicago Tribune.

The Second Generation.

Callor—Ah, Horace, how do you do? Where is your father? Young Son (of literary celebrity)—He's in the library, pullin' off a sonnet.—Chicago Tribune.